

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 37.—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 5d.

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—THIRD CONCERT.**—On Wednesday evening, March 13th, at St. James's Hall, at half-past eight o'clock.—Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard. Further particulars will be duly announced. Single Ticket, Reserved Sofa Stall, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seat, 7s.—The fourth Concert on Wednesday evening, May 11th. Tickets, Programmes, Prospectuses of the Society, and List of Members to be had of Cramer & Co., 201, Regent-street, W. CHARLES SALAMAN, Honorary Secretary.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Monday evening, March 7, BEETHOVEN.—In compliance with a very general demand, the MOZART SELECTION, which afforded so much satisfaction on Monday, February 21, will be repeated on Wednesday evening, March 9th, 1859. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Monday evening, March 7th, BEETHOVEN.

Part I.—Quintet in C major, two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti.—Beethoven. Air, "In questa tomba secura," Madlle. Behrens.—Beethoven. Song, "The Lover," Mr. Wilbye Cooper.—Beethoven. Sonata in G major, Op. 30, pianoforte and violin, Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Wieniawski.—Beethoven. Song, "Knowest thou the land," Madame Enderssohn.—Beethoven. Song, "The Quail," Mr. Sims Reeves.—Beethoven. Quartet Canone, "Il cor, o la mia fe (Fidelio), Madame Enderssohn, Madlle. Behrens, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. J. G. Patey.—Beethoven.

Part II.—Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti.—Beethoven. Air, "Adelaide," Mr. Sims Reeves.—Beethoven. Sonata in C major, Op. 2, No. 3, Mr. Charles Hallé.—Beethoven. Duet, "The joys of life," Madame Enderssohn and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.—Beethoven. Song, "Col quattrin" (Fidelio), Mr. J. G. Patey.—Beethoven. Quartet, "Ye tuneful brethren" (Praise of Music)—Madame Enderssohn, Madlle. Behrens, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. J. G. Patey.—Beethoven.

Wednesday evening, March 9th, MOZART.

Part I.—Grand Quintet in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, M. Saintron, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti.—Mozart. Song, "The very angels weep, dear," Mr. Wilbye Cooper.—Mozart. Duet, "Ah perdonami al primo affetto," Miss Stabach and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.—Mozart. Tema con Variazioni in A major, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.—Mozart. Song, "L'Addio," Madlle. Behrens.—Mozart. Song, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Sims Reeves.—Mozart. Quartet canone, "E nel tuo nel mio bicchiere," Miss Stabach, Madlle. Behrens, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Thomas.—Mozart.

Part II.—Grand Quartet in C major, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, M. Saintron, Herr Ries, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti.—Mozart. Song, Mr. Sims Reeves.—Mozart. Song, "Since youth and beauty both are thine," Miss Stabach.—Mozart. Duet, "Su beviam del bon licore," Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Thomas.—Mozart. Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Saintron.—Mozart. Song, "Qui s'addio," Mr. Thomas.—Mozart. Trio, "Sovve sia il vento," Miss Stabach, Madlle. Behrens, and Mr. Thomas.—Mozart.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.; which may be obtained at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, and Hammond's, Regent-street; Ollivier's, Old Bond-street; Leader and Cook's, and Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL**

Conductor, Mr. COSTA. Friday next, 11 March, will be again performed Handel's SOLOMON. Principal vocalists: Madame Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Madame Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

Haydn's Oratorio THE SEASONS, is unavoidably postponed for the present.

**HERR S. LEHMEYER** has the honour to announce, that he will give THREE MATINEES, Classical and Miscellaneous (21st March, 18th April, and 2nd May), at 70, Harley-street. Vocalist: Madlle. de Villars. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Benenyl, Fague, Goffrie, and other eminent artists. Subscription for the Three, £1 1s. to be had at Hammond's, 214, Regent-street, and Herr S. Lehmeier, 19, Arundel-street, Coventry-street, W.

**MR. W. H. HOLMES'S PIANOFORTE CONCERTS,**

Hanover-square Rooms, Wednesday mornings, April 13th, June 8th, and July 13th, at 2 o'clock. Tickets—series, £1 1s.; single concert, 10s. 6d. (all reserved), to be had only of Mr. W. H. Holmes, 36, Beaumont-street, Marylebone.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC**

CONCERTS.—Eighteenth Season.—Director, Henry Wilde, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY, with orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Artists already engaged:—Miss Louisa Prie, Mad. Anna Bishop, and Mad. Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Dupret, Sig. Belletti, Mr. Weiss, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Sig. Andreoli. Transferable Subscription Tickets, Reserved Sofa Stalls, £2 2s., and Unreserved Seats, £1 1s. (to admit to the five Monday Evening Concerts, on March 16, April 11, May 9 and 23, June 6, and to the five Saturday Afternoon Rehearsals, on March 14, April 9, May 7 and 21, and June 4), of Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec., 2, St. James's Hall.

**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERTS OF**

CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Hanover-square Rooms, Tuesday evening, March 15.—PROGRAMME: Sonata, C Minor, Pianoforte and Violin.—Beethoven; Aria, "Quando Miro,"—Mozart; Grand Sonata, "Plus Ultra,"—Düsssek; Chamber Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—Sternale Bennett; Canzone, "She never told her love"—Haydn; Solo Pianoforte, Adagio and Gigue.—Mozart.—VOCALISTS: Madame Enderssohn and Miss Lascelles.—Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards; Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Violoncello, M. Dambert; Accompanist, Mr. Francesco Berger. Tickets, 7s. and 10s. 6d., at the Music-sellers, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square.



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**THE ENGLISH GLEE & MADRIGAL UNION.**

Miss Banks, Mrs. Looky, Mr. Foster, Mr. Locky, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Thomas, have the honour to announce a Series of MORNING CONCERTS during the months of May and June. Further particulars will be duly advertised. All communications relative to engagements, in town or country, to be addressed Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**MR. CLEMENT WHITE** begs to announce that he has returned to town. Letters, and all communications, to be addressed to him 51, Oxford-street.

**HERR REICHARDT**, begs to state that he will arrive in London about the middle of March. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

**A YOUNG LADY**, Student of the Royal Academy, has part of her time unoccupied, which she is willing to devote to the instruction of pupils in Pianoforte or Singing. Address for Terms, 52, Portman-place, Malda-hill.

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**TO BE DISPOSED OF**, an Old-established Pianoforte and Music Warehouse, in one of the principal towns in the North of England, including a good tuning connection and several agencies, affording a very eligible opportunity for a professional gentleman, the present proprietor (a professor of music) removing to London. For particulars, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

**NEW ORGAN MUSIC.**—Adagio from Haydn's Symphony in G, by J. Martin Dunstan, Organist of St. Mary-at-Hill. Novello, Poultry. Augener and Co., Newgate-street.

**RENE FAVARGER.**—Operatic Fantasies:—Il Barbiere, Trovatore, La Traviata, Martha, I Puritani, Oberon, Sonnambula, L'Étoile du Nord, and Luisa Miller, &c. 6d. each.—Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**RENE FAVARGER.**—La Fuite Galop, Marche de la Princesse de Prusse, La Bravillienne, La Baloise, &c. each.—Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**RENE FAVARGER.**—Les Huguenots, Rose of Castille, Il Balon, Serenade Espagnol, Titania, &c. and 3s. 6d.—Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**"LITTLE SOPHY,"** from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's last novel, "What will he do with it?" composed by G. Linley, 2s. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE**, by J. DERFFEL.—Three pieces—(Set 1st) Andante, Etude, and Chorus. Three pieces—(Set 2nd) Song without Words, Elegy, and Scherzo. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street.

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**CAUTION.**

**MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.**—Editions of Moore's Irish Melodies having been announced which might lead the public to believe that they contain the whole of the Melodies, Messrs. Longman and Co. have to state that no editions are complete except those published by themselves and (with the Music) by themselves and Messrs. Addison and Co. Of the 124 lyrics set to music, which form the collection known as Moore's Irish Melodies, nearly one-half the copyright has not expired; and any infringement of the rights of the proprietors will be stopped by legal proceedings.

**BACHIANA.**—Select Preludes and Fugues from the miscellaneous Pianoforte works of J. S. Bach, as performed in public by Miss Arabella Goddard. No. 1, Fuga Scherzando in A minor; No. 2, Prelude and Fugue on the name B A C H in B flat; No. 3, Fantasia con Fughetta in D major. Price 2s. each. The *Literary Gazette* says: "As an introduction to the more difficult and elaborate works of the Leipzig Cantor, we can imagine nothing more appropriate, nothing more likely to tempt the student onward, than these selections from Bach's fugitive compositions, which present the further attraction of being almost unknown in England."

London: Published by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

**MURIEL**, Ballad, from the popular novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman," by G. Linley, 2s. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**"THE VERY ANGELS WEEP, DEAR,"** composed by MOZART; sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, on the Mozart Night, is published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.—"Some of the pieces, too, possessed the charm of novelty, among them must be named, as first in beauty, that pathetic love song 'The very angels weep, dear,' which Mr. Wilbye Cooper sung with genuine feeling."—*The Times*.

**W. VINCENT WALLACE'S CELEBRATED ARRANGEMENTS OF SCOTCH AND IRISH MELODIES.** Price 3s. each. Duets, 4s. These arrangements are unsurpassed in point of elegance of style and for truthful and poetical treatment. List of the series gratis and postage free.

**"TWILIGHT."**—Romance for the Pianoforte, 2s. "The feelings and mental associations suggested by the word 'Twilight' have been well converted into musical expression by Mr. Wallace, whose skill in his profession is matter of notoriety."—*Fide* "Brighton Examiner."

**POPULAR MUSIC FOR THE PIANOFORTE**, as performed by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. DUSSEK's celebrated Sonata, "Plus Ultra," Op. 71, newly edited and fingered by Brinley Richards, 2s. Woelfl's celebrated Sonata "Non plus Ultra," edited and fingered by Brinley Richards, 5s. "Robin Adair," and "Home, sweet Home," newly arranged by W. Vincent Wallace.

**MR. W. T. WRIGHTON'S latest BALLADS**:—"The Pearl of Days," "They are come," "The Pale Primrose," "One Wish for Thee," "Days gone by," "Oh, for the Breezy Shore," 2s. each; "Tis the Moonlight Sleeping," beautifully illustrated, 2s. 6d.; "Mother's Last Farewell," 2s. 6d.; "My Mother's gentle Word," 2s. 6d.; "Her bright Smile haunts me still," 2s. 6d.; and "The Postman's Knock," 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., Music Publishers, New Burlington-street, W.

**R. S. PRATTEN'S New Fantasia for the Flute**, on subjects from "Marta," 5s.; his Valse Brillante, 5s.; Mazurka élégante, 3s.; Andante and rondo (à la polka), 3s., with pianoforte accompaniment. Also Madame Pratten's publications for the guitar, consisting of 60 songs, 31 pieces, including her arrangement of Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise." May be had of Mr. R. S. Pratten, at his residence, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

**PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION**, for the benefit of the Composer, TWELVE SONGS—SIX SACRED and SIX SECULAR—(comprising some never before published, and others reprinted by kind permission of the proprietors), by E. J. LODER. Subscription, One Guinea, payable to Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street, on receipt of which the copies will be delivered to the Subscribers.

**JUDITH.**—A Biblical Cantata, in three scenes, written by HENRY F. CHORLEY. Music composed by Henry Leslie. Price to Subscribers, 21s. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street, W.

**BALFE'S NEW SINGING METHOD.** Price 5s.

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This work is especially addressed to persons unable to avail themselves of a master's services. At the same time its utility will be promoted in the hands of the teacher. It will be found further valuable as a collection of Ballads and Songs for a voice of moderate compass. The words are of the purest character, and the music is in the composer's most popular style. With these recommendations it is trusted that the "New Method of Singing" will be found in the hands of all professors and amateurs of the art.

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Quotations from the Press.

"This is a work of much merit, and one which will be found to contain much valuable information for such persons as cannot avail themselves of the services of an experienced master."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

"The instructions appear to us to be very clear, and will no doubt be found exceedingly useful."—*Plymouth Herald*.

"Mr. Balfe has written a Method open to the most common understanding."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"A boon to all students in the divine art."—*Liverpool Mail*.

## REVIEWS.

SOME more pieces from the laboratory of Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, and on the whole just as good of their kind, though the kind be inferior, as those we recently noticed. *Graziella*, "nocturne pour piano," (Robert Cocks & Co.) in spite of its French title-page, will be admired for a certain combination of elegance with brilliancy, which makes it effective without being difficult of execution. Those who accept the doctrines of what Jean Paul Richter, or our own not less occasionally teratological Thomas Carlyle, might denominate the University at Chirk, as canonical, will possibly object to the following point:—



But the sun which is the centre of our system has many more spots than one, and with the advantage, too, of revolving on its own axis, which Mr. Wallace's *Graziella* can hardly be said to possess. *Galop Brillant de Salon*—"composé et dédié à Mlle. Judkins," by W. Vincent Wallace (same publishers)—in spite of its French title-page, the unity and composure of which are oddly disturbed by the appearance of the English particle which we have displayed in capitals—is one of the most spirited, showy, and rhythmical galops for piano with which we are acquainted.

"*Moore's Irish Melodies*"—with *New Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by M. W. Balfé, (Novello, Dean-street). Had Sir John Stevenson arranged the airs in Thomas Moore's national work discreetly, it is probable that no rival edition would ever have been projected. The attention of the public has been long directed to the inappropriate manner (to use a mild epithet) in which the "Irish Melodies" have been set. Not long since, in our notice of the "People's Edition," we had occasion to point out the errors of Sir John Stevenson. That he wrote some pretty tunes—among others, "O then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more"—is not to be denied. His education, however, was defective, and his taste was execrable. His attempts at fine writing, in the symphonies to the "Irish Melodies," are puerile in the extreme, besides being often faulty and inappropriate. No doubt, Sir John Stevenson had never seen—or, having seen, never troubled himself about—Haydn's arrangements of the "Scotch Melodies," which might otherwise have served him as models.

The preface to the edition just issued by Messrs. Novello, informs us that Mr. Bunting, in the second volume of his book on Irish Music, was the first to call attention to the manner in which the melodies had been maltreated. Thomas Moore, however, who had little knowledge of music himself, entertained a very great respect for his colleague, and threw the shield so manfully over him, that the public forgave the musician for the sake of the poet. It remained for our own days to show Sir John in his proper colours. Enjoying a certain reputation in his own country, about the grounds of which no one took the trouble to inquire, with engaging social qualities, and clever to boot, it is not singular that his claims were undisputed at a period when real musicians were scarce, and music so little cultivated. In the Preface just mentioned, the reader will find a full statement of the

reasons that induced the publishers to issue the present edition of the "Irish Melodies." He will also find—which we hardly thought necessary now-a-days—an earnest and well meant endeavour to prove that Moore was, at once and in an equal degree, an Irishman, a Liberal, and a Catholic. Moreover, he must be apathetic, indeed, who fails to catch some warmth from the glowing eulogies of the writer on the genius and labours of the Bard of Erin; and few can justly say that Moore is not entitled to a good deal of the praise bestowed on him. The preface, besides, contains some information about the "Irish Melodies," which will prove acceptable to all lovers of historical relics.

The new edition of the "Irish Melodies" contains the first six numbers only, or seventy-three out of the original collection of one hundred and twenty-four. The publishers were compelled to restrict themselves, the last four numbers being still the copyright of Mr. Power—the original publisher of the "Melodies"—or of his executors, the term being yet unexpired. The purchaser may console himself for some loss by the knowledge that the popular songs, almost without exception, are contained in the earlier numbers of the seventy-two "Melodies" now presented. While many of these are familiar, some have been unjustly neglected, and a few are comparatively unknown out of Ireland. Novelty, in consequence, is added to the other attractions, and we have no hesitation in asserting that the unfamiliar songs, both in a musical and poetical sense, will well repay any attention that may be given them. In addition, however, eighteen of the airs are harmonised for two or more voices, so that the entire collection amounts to ninety pieces.

Of Mr. Balfé's share of the work we are bound to speak in terms of hearty praise. Although the arrangement of simple ballads does not necessarily imply any vast amount of musical learning, there will frequently occur points in which a practised and familiar hand is required, and to which none but a thorough musician can do justice. There is also to be considered the *fitness* of the accompaniments, the style best suited to particular airs, and the colouring to give a charm to the whole; to which may be added, judgment to regulate the use of ornament. When these requirements are considered, it will be acknowledged that it is a task of some responsibility, which only a musician can accomplish in a satisfactory manner. That Mr. Balfé has been successful was only to be expected. We are glad of it, nevertheless; and beg to congratulate Messrs. Novello.

*Royal Wedding March*, by Giacomo Meyerbeer (Duncan Davison and Co.) This is the fourth, and we may venture to affirm the best, *Marche aux Flambeaux*, composed by the illustrious musician for special events unnecessary to describe. The present march was written to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Prince Frederic William of Prussia. It is in 3-4 measure, which is seldom employed in this kind of movement, and derives therefrom a peculiar character. The whole composition, indeed, is as original as it is striking, and as masterly as it is full of beauties. The opening theme is highly imposing. It is in fact a hymnal strain suggestive of the invocation of blessings on the head of the youthful couple. The second and third subjects, while in fine contrast, are equally characteristic and inspiring. The March, although occupying thirteen pages of somewhat close letter-press, is never allowed to flag for one instant. No one better than M. Meyerbeer knows how to combine variety with interest, and how to develope and sustain the last. In the example before us he has eminently achieved this result, not merely by



episodes, melodious and attractive, but by means of new harmonies and new modes of treatment suited to the various leading and important melodies.

Independently of its claims to favour as a *pièce de circonstance*, the "Royal Wedding March" may be recommended as an admirable display piece for the pianoforte, at once inspiring, brilliant, showy, captivating, and advantageous to the executant. It may alike be tendered to the consideration of students and the advanced performers.

### CONCERTS.

**AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.**—There was a very strong muster of the members and their friends on Monday evening last, at the Hanover-square Rooms, when the following varied bill of fare was presented:—

**PART I.**—Symphony in C minor—Beethoven; Duetto, "Scendi sul verde prato"—Degola; Lied, "Thy lovely face so fair and bright"—Schumann; Song, "To Anthea," Mr. W. Millais—J. L. Hutton; Overture, (Oberon)—Weber.

**PART II.**—Overture in D—Romberg; Trio, "O Memory"—Henry Leslie; Nocturne, "Le murmure du Rhône," for violin and pianoforte—Ferd. Burgmüller; Duetto, "Giudizio"—Gordigiani; Overture (Gustavus the Third)—Auber; Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The amateurs were bold to attempt the subjugation of such a terrible giant as the C minor of Beethoven, and it is not surprising that some fierce blows were received in the encounter. Great nicety and clearness are required in one and all of the movements; and these cannot be obtained without constant experience and practice. Considering the difficulties presented, the execution reflected credit on the Society. The overtures went well, especially that of Weber, which was played with immense spirit. Mr. C. E. Sparrow exhibited good tone and style in Burgmüller's simple nocturne, and was well accompanied by his brother, Mr. Sparrow. The vocalists were Mrs. Hunter Raymond, Miss Griffith, and Mr. W. Millais. The ladies sang their duets most charmingly, and, with Mr. Millais, gained an encore in Mr. Leslie's "Memory." The gentleman must be careful. We have heard him sing much better than on Monday.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—Another performance of Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was given by Mr. Hullah on Tuesday last, to an audience which completely filled the large hall, and manifested the most intense delight throughout. Each hearing of this work confirms the opinion expressed after its first production at the Leeds Festival. There is a freshness and geniality about it which grow upon the public. Misses Stabbach and Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley sustained the principal parts, the first-named lady winning an encore in the solo, "With the carol in the tree," which was repeated, as well as the chorus, "With a laugh as we go round," with which it is associated. Mr. Santley being similarly honoured in the spirited song, "Tis jolly to hunt." The choruses were generally well given, but a greater amount of precision would have been attained had "Ill-fated boy, begone!" been taken a little slower. The lively overture and effective pageant music were well rendered by the orchestra, and the whole work was received with enthusiastic applause. The second part was devoted to Beethoven's Ninth Choral Symphony, in illustration of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. The three instrumental movements were as attentively listened to and heartily applauded as the vocal portion, in which the principal soloists were the same as in the *May Queen*, substituting Miss Banks for Miss Stabbach in the soprano part. The second performance, though not quite so happy, was just as enthusiastically appreciated as the first which Mr. Hullah directed some fortnight since.

**VOCAL ASSOCIATION.**—At the second performance of this society, which took place last night, in St. James's Hall, and attracted a very large audience, there was a novelty of more than ordinary interest. Every one in the habit of frequenting our London concerts must be acquainted with the magnificent finale to the first act of *Loreley*, an opera upon which Mendels-

sohn was busily engaged just previous to his death; but few except those intimately conversant with such matters were aware that this was by no means the only completed number of the manuscript score left by the composer. That a vast quantity of unpublished music remained in the hands of his survivors, who withheld it for reasons not easy to explain—and among the rest a grand symphony written to commemorate the Reformation—was generally known; but that anything more intended for *Loreley* than the *finale* we have mentioned existed in a perfect state no one suspected. Great, then, must have been the surprise of the uninitiated, not merely at seeing an "Ave Maria" from *Loreley* announced for performance by the Vocal Association, but at reading the following sentences in the programme of the evening:—"Written for a soprano solo and chorus, the exclusive performance of which has been conceded to the Vocal Association." "The whole of the MSS. of the 'Ave Maria' has been presented to the Vocal Association." What "the whole of the MSS." may signify we shall not stop to inquire; but it may be fairly asked upon what grounds music considered unfit to engrave should, nevertheless, be found good enough for public performance; and in whom is vested the right of "presenting" to a particular institution copies of works which are not thought worth submitting through the accustomed medium of circulation to the inspection of the world at large. Fortunately, a single hearing of the "Ave Maria" from *Loreley* is enough to enable any one with musical sympathies to adjudicate upon its merits, since it is as simple in construction as it is original, characteristic, and beautiful. Mendelssohn, indeed, was, perhaps, never more happily inspired in any short piece that has proceeded from his pen. Although the execution was far from perfect, the audience were enraptured, and redemanded the "Ave Maria" with such unanimity, that Madame Catherine Hayes, to whom the solo part had been intrusted, was compelled to return to the orchestra and go through her task again. If this be only the prelude to further researches in the same direction, no one will regret the good fortune of Mr. Benedict and the Vocal Association.

The first part of the programme—which commenced with Beethoven's long and elaborate overture in C (Op. 124) *The Consecration of the House*—was principally devoted to Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, which was received with the same enthusiasm as on previous occasions. The second part comprised, among other things, Mr. Benedict's overture to *The Tempest*, one of his most brilliant, picturesque, and animated orchestral pieces, and the grand finale from *Loreley*, the music of Leonora being allotted to Madame Catherine Hayes.

From a report of the same concert, sent us by an occasional and highly esteemed contributor, we extract the following:—

"What a loss to the world of art that the *finale* and the 'Ave Maria' are all that remain of a work which, judging from these two examples, promised to be one of the dramatic masterpieces of the age. The *finale*, indeed, may be ranked among the most brilliant achievements of the composer. The 'Ave Maria,' as it indicates, is simply a hymn to the Virgin, given by a chorus of females with one leading soprano. The theme, solemn and exquisitely melodious, is led off by the choirs, who sustain it to the end. The solo voice then comes in with a new theme—and then resumes the first, and the hymn concludes. Nothing can be more beautiful in feeling and treatment than this prayer, which breathes the very spirit of reposeful devotion. The effect produced on Wednesday evening was irresistible, and an universal encore procured its repetition.

"The execution of the *finale* to *Loreley* had many good points in it; but also many shortcomings; and should there be a second performance, which we think more than probable, we would strongly recommend some extra rehearsals. Such a work is worth more than ordinary attention. The oftener this magnificent piece is heard, the more its power is felt, and its hidden beauties are revealed.

"The singers in the *May Queen* were Miss Stabbach, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. The performance was a decided improvement on the first, as was most satisfactorily demonstrated in the elaborate chorus, 'Ill-fated boy,' and the final chorus, 'And the cloud hath passed away.' The song and chorus, 'With the carol in the tree,' was again the choice performance of the cantata, its pastoral character, tunefulness, and mirthful spirit, never failing to win unanimous applause.

"The programme also included Mr. Benedict's fine and imaginative overture to *The Tempest* (admirably played); Cherubini's 'O salutaris hostia,' sung by Miss Lascelles; part-song, 'The Wandering Minstrels' (Mendelssohn), by the Vocal Association; duet, 'Su berrim del bon licore,' from Mozart's *Seraglio*, by Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley; and the brilliant 'Marche Hongroise' of M. Hector Berlioz."

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The scheme of last Monday's concert differed somewhat from the precedent which has hitherto obtained, inasmuch as two of the great composers, Haydn and Weber, divided the honours and responsibilities previously entrusted to one. Haydn's graceful quartet in C, containing the variations on "God save the Emperor," was admirably executed by Mr. Blagrove, Herren Ries and Schreurs, and Signor Piatti; and to his spirited and genial trio in G major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, equal justice was done by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Herr Ries, and Signor Piatti. A genuine encore was awarded to Madame Enderssohn in the canzonet, "She never told her love;" a similar compliment being elicited by Mr. Santley in Weber's air, "For as the waters." Two pieces from *The Seasons*—"When sluggish Phœbus 'gins to rise," and "Now o'er the dreary waste"—with their respective recitatives, were allotted to Mr. Santley and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who also sang in the motet of the same master, "The Arm of the Lord," with Mdme. Enderssohn and Miss Palmer. To the latter young and promising singer the highest credit must be given for her execution of the exceedingly difficult and trying *scena*, "Ariana à Naxos," which was given with great feeling and expression, and warmly merited the applause that followed. In the second part two instrumental compositions of Weber—the trio in G minor, for piano-forte, flute, and violoncello (Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Pratten, and Signor Piatti)—and three of the chamber duets for two pianofortes (Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper) were given. The names of the executants are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the performance.

The vocal selection further embraced the well-known duet for Agatha and Anna from *Der Freischütz*, "Come be gay" (Misses Palmer and Stabbach), the latter also giving the rondo "I think of thee," Mr. Wilbye Cooper the air "I'd weep with thee," (originally allotted to the character of Hun in *Oberon*). The quartet from the same opera, "Over the dark blue waters," effectively terminated the concert.

Next Monday will be devoted to Beethoven, M. Wieniawski, M. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Sims Reeves being engaged. On Wednesday the 9th, an extra night will be given, when the admirable Mozart selection will be repeated with Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Sainton, and Miss Arabella Goddard, who makes her re-appearance after her triumphant provincial tour.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The performance of Handel's *Solomon*, on Friday (yesterday week), was in every respect worthy of the Society. The choruses went admirably, almost from first to last, thereby indicating the good service done by choral practices for the Handel Festival. Although *Solomon*—composed before *Susannah* and after *Joshua*, when Handel was sixty-three years old—is not one of his greatest works, it contains some of the finest choruses he ever wrote, and was therefore most properly revived by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The names of the solo singers were given in our last.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—At the last Saturday Concert, Mendelssohn's music to the *Edipus* of Sophocles, was performed for the first time, under the direction of Mr. Manns. The execution of the chorus was by no means perfect, although the band was irreproachable. So admirable a step in the right direction as the introduction to the general public of this great work of a great master, is highly to be commended. We hope the directors will be induced to repeat the performance, when we would strongly advise them—as recommended by a morning contemporary—to have the dialogue read by several persons, whereby the monotony, universally complained of on Saturday last, would be avoided. One lady, at least, should be engaged to represent Antigone and Ismene.

## PROVINCIAL.

From Nottingham we hear (through a *Correspondent*) that the ninth subscription concert of Chamber Music took place on Friday, Feb. 25. The programme comprised—

**PART I.**—Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 18, No. 3, in D (Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Præger, and T. L. Selby); Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin (Mr. H. Farmer); the orchestral parts arranged for piano-forte, 2 violins, tenor, and violoncello (Messrs. Sheldermine, Præger, Myers, Alsop, and T. L. Selby).

**PART II.**—Spohr's Quartet, Op. 74, No. 1, in A minor (Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Præger, and T. L. Selby); and Hummel's Quintet Op. 74, in D minor, arranged from the Septet by the Author (Messrs. White, Myers, Præger, Selby, and H. Farmer).

"Mr. Farmer" (says our *Correspondent*) "played the concerto from memory. An equally successful effort was Spohr's quartet. Hummel's septuor, arranged as a quintet by the author, concluded the performance, and was played with all the skill and taste of the accomplished pianist."

"We are pleased to observe"—writes *The Glasgow Daily Mail*—"that the great musical festivals are no longer to be confined to England. Thanks to the exertions of the directors of the Glasgow Choral Union, arrangements are proceeding for the celebration of a musical festival in this city towards the close of the present year. Meantime, it will interest our readers to know that the Queen has consented to be patron, and we believe this to be the first instance in which her Majesty has been thus associated in matters connected with the west of Scotland. The following letter has been received by the secretary of the Choral Union:—*Windsor Castle, Feb. 7, 1859.*—Sir, I have had the honour to lay before her Majesty the Queen the application of the directors of the Glasgow Choral Union for the patronage of her Majesty to a great musical festival to be held in that town. I have the pleasure to inform you that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to sanction the announcement of that festival as under the patronage of her Majesty.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant, C. B. Phipps.—H. Baxter, Esq."

FROM DUBLIN, a correspondent writes, "Mr. Willert Beale's Concert Party first appeared at the concert given by the Philharmonic Society on last Monday week. The performances commenced with Weber's symphony in C major, which was very well rendered under the direction of Mr. Russell. It is to be regretted that this admirable work is not better known. For, though not exactly ranking with the great instrumental compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, it yet possesses so many beauties, both in melody and orchestral treatment, as to make it worthy of a place in the repertory of all instrumental societies. Miss Arabella Goddard played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. Of this gifted lady's performance of this noble composition, it would be difficult to speak too highly. It was characterised throughout by a thorough conception of the ideas of the author, together with a faithful interpretation of the text, to be found in few exponents of the works of the great masters. For perfect finish, resonance of tone, elegance, and correctness of phrasing, combined with exquisite delicacy of expression, and the most brilliant execution, we know of no superior to Miss Goddard. She also played Thalberg's 'Mosè in Egitto' with a power, precision and ease almost miraculous. For an encore she gave the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' What strikes us most in Miss Goddard's playing is the total absence of labour—all appearing spontaneous, and not the result of study—and the almost vocal expression in the slow movements. The beauty of the latter must have made itself felt in the *adagio* of Mendelssohn's concerto. Madame Viardot was the principal vocalist. She sang Schubert's 'Erl King,' in which she was accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Goddard; 'Ah mon fils,' and her celebrated Spanish airs. The complete conquest of every vocal difficulty, without the slightest shift or evasion, is the first excellence of this great singer. She possesses dramatic fervour, and the power of musical declamation, we think, beyond any other singer of the present time; and her voice, though still lacking charm of tone, has become even, and, we almost think, fresher; so that she must still command the attention and applause of all who appreciate high vocal art. Miss Eyles and Signori Luchesi and Dragone also gave their services on the occasion. During the remainder of the week Mr. Willert Beale gave four evening concerts and one morning one, with the same party, in the Rotunda. Here the general public were admitted, and it was gratifying to lovers of the art to perceive the attention with which all the essays of Miss Arabella Goddard were received, and the genuine applause that followed them. Miss Goddard played Thalberg's *Don Giovanni*, 'Home, sweet Home,' Benedict's 'Caledonia,' 'Erin,' the 'Mosè,' with Signor Regondi, the duo, on airs from *Les Huguenots*, by Thalberg and

De Beriot; and likewise the *duo*, on motives from *William Tell*, by Osborne and De Beriot. In all she was triumphantly successful, leaving the impression upon the many audiences of natural gifts cultivated to the very highest pitch of excellence. Mad. Viardot's singing at all the performances was keenly appreciated. Nothing could surpass the *floriture* with which she flooded 'Ah non giunge,' or her delicious rendering of 'Casta Diva.' In Walter Maynard's *Rizzio* she brought down an immediate encore by the dramatic expression she threw into this admirable *scena*. Signor Regondi played the *concertina* as we believe nobody else can play it; indeed he has made this instrument quite his own, in rare feeling and varied execution. Miss Ryles, Signor Dragone, and Signor Luchesi, likewise did their work well, while Mr. J. Hatton presided at the pianoforte and enlivened the company with a couple of his best songs. Altogether a finer concert party than this of Mr. Beale's has never appeared in Dublin."

#### FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—M. Achille Fould, Minister of State, has ordered 1,000*fr.* to be paid to Miss Thomson, who lately appeared at the Grand-Opéra. It is to that high functionary's protection that our young compatriot is indebted for defence against the arbitrary treatment of "the direction."

NEW YORK.—(From a Correspondent, February 4th).—I have little news to interest your readers. Musical affairs are at a discount; theatrical, with a slight tendency to a rise. Madlle. Piccolomini took away with her all interest connected with vocal music. Concerts, to be sure, are being given, and "Wood's Minstrels" are attractive; but there is no curiosity, no talk in the musical world, much less controversy, which begets excitement. The success of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy *Our American Cousins*, at Laura Keane's Theatre, has been equalled, if not surpassed, by a new piece from the pen of Mr. Lester Wallack, entitled *The Veteran*; or, *France and Algeria*, produced recently at Wallack's Theatre. This piece is a conglomeration of comedy, romance, burlesque, and melodrama, and, though hardly coming within the strict rules of a legitimate drama, is extremely amusing, and, up to the time I am writing, has proved so attractive that hundreds have been turned from the doors. It has proved a fortunate *coup* for the theatre, which, I understand, has for some time been rather slack of business. A good deal of the success of *The Veteran*, it must be acknowledged, is owing to the part of an Irishman—an "Irish Grand Vizier!"—being capitably written, and sustained with irresistible effect by Mr. John Brougham, undoubtedly the best Irish actor since Power, who sings a song composed expressly for him by Clement White, which—but hear the *New York Dispatch* on the actor and the song:—

"Well, when the author had managed to get in all the blood-curdling situations he could think of or remember, seasoned it with a large amount of fun in the shape of an Irish Arab—just imagine Brougham revelling in the opportunity, if you please—sitting in judgment in a disputed ownership of a cow case, and deciding it very conventionally, then getting gloriously drunk in an incredibly short space of time, and flinging out in the torments of his hilarity a grand song, 'Old Ireland, you're my darling,' with a gusto and a spirit no one was prepared to expect. By-the-bye, this same song is one of the best things in the piece, and was composed, we perceive, by Mr. Clement White, the fine English composer, who wrote that very telling song—the prize song—which Formes sang at the Cable celebration."

Stœpel's *Hiawatha*, which recently achieved a great success at Boston, will be performed on the 21st of the month, at the Academy of Music. Mademoiselle Piccolomini is coming to New York to take her second farewell.

LETTERS from Turin record the sixth appearance of the young English *prima donna*, Madlle. Victoire Balfe, at the Teatro-Reggio, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. The house has been crowded every night, and the enthusiasm of the Italians has been raised to such a pitch that the daughter of our popular composer has been called before the curtain seven times every evening. While she is singing not a whisper is heard, a rather unusual circumstance in the theatres of Italy.

AMSTERDAM.—Herr Reichardt has been singing at the Opera House, with great success, in the *Barbieri*, *Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c. At a concert of the "Felix Meritis" Society, he was also most favourably received. Herr Alfred Jaell (piano), and M. Sighicelli (violin), played on the same occasion.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I, in common with many other of your readers, have been as much gratified as interested, and not a little of either, by the liberal and intelligent criticisms of the late Dr. Schumann, upon some of the masterpieces of Mendelssohn, which have appeared in recent numbers of your journal. Great as is the difference of opinion that prevails as to the merit of poor Schumann's music, there can be no question of his sound musicianship, his conscientious zeal for the art's advancement, and his just appreciation and candid acknowledgement of musical excellence wherever he encountered it. His own writings are sufficient to refute the silly arguments that have, in late years, been bandied about to elevate the estimation of his compositions by the disparagement of those of Mendelssohn, as though, if they possessed the intrinsic beauty ascribed to them, this would not shine paramount to all opposition, evincing itself positively, not relatively, proving itself to be because it *is*, not insidiously assuming acknowledgment because something else *is not*. Schumann's attainments as a musician, and his eloquence as a literatist, give as much value to his judgments as grace to his pronunciation of them, and they are, therefore, always to be greatly esteemed; but, when he writes upon the works of a man with whom the bad taste and false censurship of others have placed him in rivalry, his genuine candour gains a peculiar charm from its opposition to the one-sided principles of his own unwise partisans.

You see, worthy Mr. Editor, what I think of Dr. Schumann as a critic; of little enough consequence, that, you may say, and say justly; but what I think, I think; and that I think what I think will justify my troubling you with the following remarks. These are called forth by the article headed "Italian Symphony, op. 57," which appears to me to be as wild an agglomeration of rumours, rhapsodies, and ratiocinations as might well be accumulated in such an amount of words. Now the opus number of the heading agrees with the writer's technical description of the work, and this manifestly refers to the Symphony in A minor, first performed at Leipzig in the winter of 1842, and reproduced in London in the summer of the same year. Opposed to this is the fancy title, "Italian," supported by a tradition of Mendelssohn's sojourn in Italy, of his making musical memoranda of his impressions of that country, and of his embodying them in a grand orchestral composition; which fancy title with the self same support, Sir, your much admired M. Jullien, in common with Birmingham Festival committees, and other beneficiary concert-conductors, have, however fancifully, with better propriety, prefixed to the earlier written but later printed symphony in A major. Now there is abundant evidence to vouch for this latter work having been suggested by the scenery and circumstances the composer witnessed during his youthful Italian tour; whereas the symphony in A minor is, in the same manner, associable with a visit he made to the Highlands of Scotland. What, then, can one think of a writer personally familiar with Mendelssohn, and with full opportunity to elicit his authority for the fact, who makes so strange a confusion of works and titles? What can one think of a writer, profoundly imbued with the æsthetical spirit of criticism, who perceives such analogy in unlikeness as to trace the soft sunny Italian element in the composition which reflects the rugged grandeur of the cheerless north? It is enough to make one blush for criticism as a craft, and for critics as a community, to find a really intelligent man whose perceptions were of the keenest, who saw into the meaning of music by the inward light of practical experience as a musician, and who had every available opportunity to confirm his speculations; writing such ecstasies as the following, of the work which has no more relationship with Italy, real or imaginary, than the Iliad with the battle of Waterloo or Mrs. Stark's Italian tourist with a handbook to the Crystal Palace:—

"This gentle tone picture," writes Dr. Schumann, "like the description of the Italian journey in Jean Paul's 'Titan,' can make one, for awhile, forget his sorrow that he has not seen that blessed land, for that the whole symphony is pervaded by a



peculiar people's tone has many times been said; only a wholly unimaginative man can fail to mark this." The fact must be that the critic had heard some gossip of Italy, memoranda, symphony, and so forth, and, revolting from the idea of the "wholly unimaginative man," which appears to have been especially repulsive to him, in the transcendental spirit which gave the name of "Moonlight" to one of Beethoven's sonatas, and of "Clock" to one of Haydn's andantes, assigned the title and the tale of the work he was reviewing, and straightway set his fancy the task of fitting the composition to the conceit.

It is the sin, Mr. World, of the time in which we live, to sacrifice, in some sort, music, to writing upon music, and to overlook the importance of a work of art in the effort to make an artistic representation of such a work. Fifty years ago, Sir, there were written lines upon music where now there are written columns; five-and-twenty years ago this was still the case, but the change in the state of criticism, in the voluminousness of its verdicts, has wrought no desirable change in the state of the art. Theory has taken the place of practice; but practice is imaginative and theory is incompatible with imagination. In those pre-journalistic days, a work of musical art attained its own end in its own completion; but now, in our plenicolumnular epoch, many appear to regard the chief, if not the sole object of a musical composition, as being to furnish a theme for critical animadversion and speculative essay writing. Now, it seems, the end of one work of art is the beginning of another, for a criticism is itself a work of art, and thus we have works upon works, art upon art; forgetful, however, of the adage: "The art is in concealing the art," the workers upon works, to give significance to their art history, discover artistic designs in the compositions upon which they comment, which the authors of these never purposed, and so, instead of concealing, they feign to reveal art which is often unexistent as inconsistent.

Allow me thus to open a question which may not be unworthy the consideration of whoever may be competent to its discussion, a question of the relative rise and depression of criticism and creation—a question of whether or not art is advanced and the world advantaged by the rage for writing upon music which distinguishes the present time.

Have MM. Wagner and Berlioz, and Marx and Liszt, and Schumann himself, and all the other German and French music-literatists, and even our English *Times* and your own valuable columns, with the theorising you have brought into vogue, and, consequently, into demand—have you enhanced the enjoyment of music and verified its general appreciation?

I am, Sir, your constant reader,  
EPIMETHEUS.

#### MUSICAL ADVERTISING ORTHOGRAPHY.

DEAR MUSICAL WORLD,—What a pity it is that the enlightened genius on the Crystal Palace staff who superintended the placard announcing "Mendelssohn's *Oedipus* and chorus of 100 voices," did not carry his principle to its legitimate extent, and print the name "Mendelson," whereby he would have saved two letters instead of one.

I append a few names of musical celebrities similarly treated (some with an especial view to the London public), for the consideration of Secretary Grove, or whoever the proper party may be, and I trust that, if my suggestions are acted on, some little place may be found for me in the big Glass Palace, in the advertising department or elsewhere:—

|                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| BETOVEN.         | SPOR.         |
| ROSINI.          | ANDEL.        |
| SHUMAN.          | SHINDELMISER. |
| SANTON.          | GUNO.         |
| HADN.            | ORSELY.       |
| ARABELLA GODARD. | MANS.         |

Yours, dear M. W.,  
WALKER, JUN.

THE NEW CONSERVATORY attached to the Royal Italian Opera, is being pushed forward with great activity. The foundations have been erected for some time, and a sufficient number of the iron pillars and connecting girders are already in position to give the public some idea of what the building will be. When filled with choice plants, the conservatory will afford a most agreeable lounge to the *habitués* of the Opera.

#### SCHUMANN ON MENDELSSOHN.

(Translated from the *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker* von Robert Schumann.)  
(Concluded from page 127.)

##### OP. 35.—PRELUDES AND FUGUES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

A hot-brained fellow (he is now in Paris) defined the idea of a fugue pretty much as follows: "It is a piece of music, in which one part starts off before the others—(*fuga* from *fugere*)—and the hearer before all;" for which reason he himself, whenever fugues occurred in concerts, would begin to talk aloud, and not unfrequently to jeer at them. In fact, though, he understood little of the matter, and resembled very much the fox in the fable—that is, he could not make a fugue himself, much as he secretly desired it. How differently indeed it is defined by those who *can!* by cantors, finished students of music, &c. According to these, "Beethoven never wrote, and never could write, a fugue; and even Bach himself took liberties, at which one can but shrug his shoulders; Marpurg alone gives the best introduction:" and so on.

Finally, how differently think others—I, for instance, who can revel hours together in the fugues of Beethoven, of Bach and Handel, and who have, therefore, always maintained that, with the exception of watery, luke-warm, miserable, patch-work affairs, there was no one any longer who could write fugues in our day, until at last I was somewhat silenced by these fugues of Mendelssohn. But ordinary writers of fugues by rule and pattern will deceive themselves if they expect to find applied here certain of their excellent old arts, their *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem, or their canonicantes motu contrario*, &c. And equally deceived will be the romantic high-fliers, if they hope to find here phoenixes undreamed of, soaring from the ashes of an antique form. But if these persons have a sense for sound and natural music, they will get it in these fugues. I will not indulge in blind praise, and I know, well enough, that Bach has made, in fact created, fugues of quite another sort. But were he to rise now from his grave, he would—at first perhaps storm away both right and left over the state of music in general; but then, too, he would certainly rejoice, that there are yet individuals who at least pluck flowers in the field, where he has planted such gigantic oak forests.

In a word, these fugues have much that is Sebastianic, and might deceive the most sharp-sighted critic, were it not for the melody, the finer blending, by which you recognise the modern period, and here and there those little touches, so peculiar to Mendelssohn, and which betray him among hundreds as the author. Whether the reviewers find it so or not, it is certain that the composer wrote them, not for pastime, but to direct the attention of piano-players once more to that old master form, to accustom them again to it. That he chose the right means for this, in that he avoided all those unhappy, good-for-nothing artifices and *imitationes*, and gave more prominence to the melodic element, the *cantilena*, while still holding fast to the Bach form, looks altogether like him. But whether this form might not perhaps be altered to advantage, without thereby losing the essential character of the fugue, is a question, at whose answer many a one will try his hand. Already Beethoven tugged at it somewhat; but he had occupation enough of another sort, and was too loftily engaged in building out the cupolas of so many other domes, to find time for laying the corner-stone of a new fugue edifice. Reicha also made the attempt; but, evidently, his creative power fell short of his good intention; yet his often curious ideas are not to be entirely overlooked. At all events, that always is the best fugue which the public takes—for some sort of a Strauss waltz; in other words, in which the artificial root-work is covered up, like that of a flower, so that we only see the flower. Thus it once actually happened that a man, who otherwise was not a bad connoisseur in music, took one of Bach's fugues for an *Etude* of Chopin, to the honour of both; and so might many a maiden take the last part of, say the second of these Mendelssohn fugues (in the first part she might be puzzled by the entrance of the voices) to be a song without words, and in the grace and softness of the forms forget the ceremonial place where, and the abhorred name under which it

had been put before her. In short, there are not only fugues, which are wrought out with the head and according to the receipt, but there are fugues which are musical pieces, sprung from the soul and executed in poetic fashion. But as the fugue affords an equally happy organ both for the dignified, and for the bright and merry, this collection contains some too in that short, rapid style, in which Bach flung forth so many with a master hand. Every one will find them out; these especially reveal the facile, genial artist, who plays with his chains as with flowery garlands.

A few words of the preludes. Perhaps the most of them, like many to be sure of Bach's, stand in no original connection with the fugues, and seem to have been prefixed to them afterwards. The majority of players will prefer them to the fugues, since their effect is complete, even when they are played separately; the first especially seizes you at the outset, and hurries you along with it to the conclusion. The rest one may examine for himself. The work speaks for itself, even without the name of the composer.

### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The last week but One of the Royal English Opera performances this Season. No performance on Wednesday the 9th (Ash Wednesday). The last Five Nights of the Pantomime.

**MONDAY**, March the 7th, and Saturday, 12th, **THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT**.—Messrs. G. Honey, H. Corri, and W. Harrison; Miss Susan Pyne, and Miss Louisa Pyne. Tuesday, 8th, and Thursday, 10th, **SATANELLA**.—Messrs. Weiss, G. Honey, H. Corri, St. Albyn, and W. Harrison; Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Susan Pyne, and Louisa Pyne. Friday, the last time but one, Balf's **ROSE OF CASTILLE**.—Messrs. Weiss, G. Honey, St. Albyn, Bartlemu, and W. Harrison; Miss Susan Pyne, Morrell, and Louisa Pyne. To conclude each evening with **THE LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD**.—Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Barnes, Clara Morgan, Madlle. Morlacchi and Pasquale.

Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Private boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 5s.; amphitheatre stalls, 3s. and 2s.; pit, s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.

### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mr. W. Harrison.

**MONDAY**, March the 14th, for the benefit of Mr. W. Harrison, the last night but five of the Royal English Opera Season, on which occasion will be performed the English version of Flotow's popular Opera of **MARTHA**.—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. F. Glover, H. Corri, G. Honey, and Mr. W. Harrison. First time a new Ballet of Action, **ROBERT AND BERTIE**.—Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Clara Morgan, Madlle. Morlacchi and Pasquale.

Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 5s.; amphitheatre stalls, 3s. and 2s.; pit, s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. Tickets and places all taken at the box-office, of Mr. Parsons, without any charge for booking.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

Last Week but One of the Pantomime. The public is respectfully informed, that Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean's Annual Benefit will take place on Monday, March the 28th, when will be produced the last Shakespearian revival under the existing management. The following are the intermediate arrangements:

**HAMLET**, on Monday, March the 7th; on Monday the 14th; and (last time) on Wednesday the 23rd. **LOUIS THE ELEVENTH**, on Tuesday, March the 8th; on Wednesday the 15th; on Monday the 21st, and (last time) on Friday the 25th. **MACBETH**, on Thursday, March the 10th; and on Thursday (last time) the 17th. **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, on Friday, March the 11th; on Tuesday the 15th; on Friday the 18th, on Tuesday the 22nd; and on Thursday the 24th. **THE CORSICAN BROTHERS**, on Saturday, March the 12th; on Saturday the 19th; and with (last time) **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, on Tuesday and Thursday the 22nd and 24th. These plays will not be re-produced, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two representations only towards the termination of the management in the latter part of the month of July.

### GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

First appearance of Mr. KEAN BUCHANAN, the celebrated tragedian, in conjunction with MISS AGNES KEMBLE, the only living actress of the H. Kemble School. Production of a new Extravaganza, called **THE FORTY THIEVES**. On Monday and Friday, to commence with **HAMLET**. Hamlet, Mr. Kean Buchanan; Gertrude, Miss Agnes Kemble. On Tuesday and Thursday, **OTHELLO**. Othello, Mr. Kean Buchanan; Amelia, Miss Agnes Kemble; Desdemona, Mrs. R. Honner. On Saturday, a new Play, in which Mr. Buchanan will perform. To conclude every evening with an entire new version of **THE FORTY THIEVES**. The Forty Thieves represented by forty ladies in splendid Oriental costume. On Ash Wednesday, a Grand Monster Entertainment by Mr. Charles Sloman.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1859.

"GIVE the Fiend"—or by whatever more expressive name he may be designated—"his due," is a maxim which age cannot wear out—and, just now, its application with regard to the Crystal Palace, becomes both fair and appropriate. Our readers will accord us credit for not being blind to the errors that from time to time distinguish the management of the big establishment at Sydenham. Its shows, its festivals ("fairs"), and commemorations; its birthdays, death-days, centenaries, and semi-centenaries; its abuse, in short, of great and illustrious names, as marketable commodities; all these, and such like manifestations of ill-regulated taste, have been commented upon in these pages, dispassionately and seriously, if, now and then, in a vein of quasi-pleasantry. We have neither been deceived by formidable announcements, nor soothed by mock-heroic illusions. Even the earnest, labored, and conscientiously-tormented verse of Miss Isa Craig could not induce us to regard the recent Burns display as anything better than a clap-trap.

There is, nevertheless, a reverse to the medal. While one side has "Humbug" plainly stamped upon the surface, the other is marked as indelibly with the respectable imprint of "Sincerity." With a phase of this last and best impression we wish now to deal.

The concerts that take place every Saturday during the winter months have lately assumed an interest—nay, an importance—which the musical world at large is gradually beginning to recognise. In sober truth, these performances are, at the present time, among the very choicest to be heard in England—and for more reasons than one. First and foremost—the orchestra, directed with energy and talent by Mr. Manns, has been growing in efficiency ever since the concerts were established as permanent features of attraction. It is now—in strength, if not in number—a first-rate orchestra, one that even the most exacting connoisseurs may listen to with satisfaction. A result so desirable is due to the fact that the executants, being engaged by the year, are in constant practice together, under one and the same conductor. The value of this sort of training cannot possibly be over-estimated; and, to whomever the credit attaches of having originally promoted it, the warmest acknowledgment is due, for one of the most solid and lasting services that could possibly have been rendered to the institution.

A first-rate orchestra, however, may be good for little or nothing, unless employed on legitimate objects; and here is another point upon which the managers of the Crystal Palace amusements have for some time been unassailable. At the outset the programmes of the Saturday Concerts were not always to be unreservedly commended. Fragments of symphonies used to be included, it is true, but fragments only. A symphony entire was a *bona fide* exception to the rule. Our objection to the mutilation of classic works of art is deeply seated, and has never wavered; and, if we remember well, more than one lesson has been conveyed to the directors of the *soi-disant* art-temple, on that very subject, through the medium of these columns. By degrees, however, the system of curtailing the symphonies of the great masters was abandoned—a reform which we are inclined rather to attribute to the common sense and naturally correct judgment of Herr Manns, and of those whom he serves, than to



any remonstrances on the part of the press. But, no matter what the immediate cause, the change for the better was most welcome. We can now hear symphonies precisely as they were composed, instead of hacked and sliced to accommodate the presumed convenience of visitors; and how little visitors have been bored in listening to these noble works, when uncurtailed of their fair proportions, is pretty generally recognised by this time.

The programmes of the Crystal Palace Concerts are now, indeed, models in their way. Of the vocal music, and of the instrumental solos, we would rather not speak—they (alas!) depending mostly on singers and so-called *virtuosi*, whose sympathies are not invariably healthy, and whose taste is not always unimpeachable. But the purely orchestral performances—those which are organised under the controul of the Musical Director—are, to the honour and credit of Herr Manns, at all times worthy consideration. We have nearly always a symphony, and two overtures that claim attention, either on account of their intrinsic excellence, their classic repute, or the interest appertaining to them as examples of contemporary art. This plan being steadily followed out, the number of concerts that take place in the course of the winter season affords an opportunity of exploring a wider field than is open to any other musical institution extant. That the chance has not been thrown away, but, on the contrary, turned to admirable purpose, shows Herr Manns to be not merely an able conductor, but an enthusiast. Enthusiasm in a healthy direction cannot fail to be productive of benefit; and no wonder that the concerts should have acquired a reputation which increases day by day.

Last and best, the visitors themselves, who at the commencement were indifferent, if not worse, have come to appreciate the exertions of Herr Manns. Where formerly a symphony, unabridged, had the effect of scaring very many from the concert-room, it now, on the contrary, tempts a larger number to remain. And this newly-awakened leaning towards what is chaste and beautiful in art is already gathering fruits. The people are beginning to look out anxiously for the symphonies. They seek, for diversion, what they were wont to avoid, as irksome. Music—like Sir Pelleas, in the romance of *Mort Arthur*—has got its revenge; the public—Dame Ettarde—despising the blandishments of Sir Gawaine, in the shape of false and hollow art, appeals to the true and beautiful for its chiefest gratification. What was respected is caressed—what was disdained is worshipped.

In another column may be seen a brief notice of the last concert held at Sydenham. Although it will be apparent from the report that the performance was not by any means faultless, it will equally be seen that it was one of no ordinary pretensions. That the Crystal Palace should have provided the London public with the first occasion of hearing, tolerably executed, the music composed by Mendelssohn for the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, is a fact worthy to be recorded in its annals. *Donnez au diable "sa part."*

WE greatly admire Xerxes. When the waters of the Hellespont demolished his bridge, he sentenced them to be soundly flogged, and flung into them a handsome set of fetters. True, the waters corroded the chains, instead of the chains binding the waters; but no matter for that. We all see what the Persian monarch was driving at, and it was not his fault if the laws of nature proved too strong for him.

Restless as the Hellespont, is that abominable thing the diapason, which tosses and tumbles, and lifts up its head to the utter discomfiture of the musical artist, and to the utter destruction of human lungs. For a whole century has this ambitious diapason been rising, having advanced in France upwards of a whole tone since the days of Jean Jacques. All over the world the upward movement has taken place, and, what makes matters still worse, it is not uniform. As the *Moniteur*, with intense pathos, says, "The difference which exists between the diapasons of different countries, different musical establishments, and various manufacturing houses, is a constant source of embarrassment both for musical unity and for commercial relations." This sublunary globe, during the last century, must have been as much surprised as it was during that efflux of devils, described by Dr. Beaumont in his immortal *Psyche* :—

"Old Tellus wondered what wild treason 'twas  
Which tore her deepest bowels; for as from  
The monstrous cannon's thundering mouth of brass,  
A sudden cloud of rage and death did foam,  
No from beneath these hasty furies broke,  
Such was the flashing fire and such the smoke."

But lo! the discord shall soon cease, and the varying standards shall subside into insignificance before the established diapason of the imperial throne, as the winds of Æolus shrank from the reproof of Neptune. A type diapason will be constructed, and conformity to it will be obligatory all over Paris from the 1st of next July. After the 1st of December, all the departments will become equally orthodox. We regret that the reform comes a day too late for Ovidian illustration. The *Fasti* leave off at the end of June.

As Xerxes chained the Hellespont, so has Napoleon III. fixed the diapason. Happy Emperor, who has carried the centralisation of his country to such perfection, that he can make all his subjects pipe according to his own pitch.

It must be very gratifying to a wealthy merchant to wake up one fine morning and find himself greeted as a public benefactor. In this enviable position is Mr. Hammond, the enterprising music-seller in Regent street. Listen to the *Westminster Gazette* :—

"It is not necessary to quote what Shakspeare and other dramatists hardly less celebrated have said about 'the man who hath no music in his soul,' and 'music' having 'charms to soothe the savage breast,' because everybody knows it by heart. But it is a fact in psychical science, that there is no description of art which has so humanising and refining an influence as music. We, therefore, regard such an establishment as Mr. Hammond's Musical Presentation and Circulating Library in Regent-street as an agency which is exercising a peculiarly beneficial influence on the mind of the people, the tone of society, and the spirit of the age."

This is conclusive. We cannot deny that Mr. Hammond is a promoter of civilisation and a successful philanthropist. We would, however, claim from the *Westminster Gazette* some little praise for a few other men fulfilling equally important duties. For instance, there is Messrs. Nicoll's gigantic tailoring establishment in Regent-street, which our contemporary must admit is an "agency exercising a peculiarly beneficial influence" on the present generation. When the eye has become habituated to elegance of form and delicacy of colour, the mind must insensibly derive a certain refinement, which, as a means of civilisation, cannot be too highly estimated. Surely the inventor of the "Paletot" is a public benefactor of no mean distinction.

We would also name Mr. Tubb, the well-known baker of

Regent-street, as worthy of honorable mention, by the side of Messrs. Hammond and Nicoll. Mr. Tubb may not be an important medium in refining and humanising society; but the fact of his keeping a post-office, whence the *Musical World* is despatched to the suburbs, is surely a point in his favour. Waiving this, however, we claim for Mr. Tubb still greater deference as an active agent in the preservation of thousands of lives, through means of his daily supply of bread. True, Mr. Tubb derives a profit from the performance of his public duties; but this is a minor consideration in contemplating his services to mankind. There are others, too, who deserve to be enrolled in the same honorable list, but want of space forbids us at present to render them the tribute due to their merits. We cannot refrain, however, from alluding to the proprietor of the American Stores, who, as dispenser of most excellent stimulants and bitters, may be said to exercise a peculiarly beneficial influence on the spirit and tone of the age. If our juvenile contemporary, *The Westminster Gazette*, survives another week, we trust, too, he will not neglect paying proper homage to the publisher of this journal. The man through whose agency the doctrines of truth are circulated all over the world is, surely, entitled to almost as much gratitude as his contemporary, who lends out "Popular Dance Music" by the year.

MY DEAR WORLD,—A friend of mine sometimes tells me a story about an old gentleman, who, travelling in a stage-coach some twenty years ago, lamented the decline of histrionic art since the demise of David Garrick. "Garrick! Ah! he *was* a man! Nothing like him now-a-days." The past-lamenting Nestor was, of course, asked for his estimate of Kemble, Cooke, Young, and the elder Kean; but he had not seen one of them—nay, on further investigation, it turned out that he had not seen Garrick either.

Now I am perfectly certain that I have frequently come into contact with persons, who, mentally at least, are this old gentleman's kith and kin. These tell me that there is no such thing as acting in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that consequently no one under forty years of age has seen a theatrical performance worthy of the name. As I have not yet counted half-a-dozen *lustra*, and as I am very fond of dramatic amusements, I feel greatly annoyed at remarks of this description. A man does not like to be told that he spends a large portion of his time in making a fool of himself.

Having been bored to death by one of the lamenting herd, I dropped into the Princess's Theatre on an evening, when *Louis XI.* was performed; and when the play was over—(I did not stop out the pantomime, lest I should disturb my impressions)—I walked home, seriously perplexed with a conflict that had arisen between my own convictions, and the opinions that had been forced upon my unwilling ear. In representing the character of Louis XI., it appeared to me, that Mr. Charles Kean had done everything that the most exacting judge of art could require from the histrionic artist. I have not the honour of Mr. Charles Kean's personal acquaintance, but I have seen photographic likenesses of him in plain clothes, and thus I can appreciate the consummate skill with which he has transformed a naturally frank and open countenance into a visage marked with all the qualities of the serpent. So much for the mere external part of the impersonation. What shall we say of the manner in which Mr. Charles Kean delineates the mental characteristics of the shrewd underminer of feudal aristocracy?

Why, there is not a single moment in which the actor forgets the part he has assumed. The by-play, the occasional gesture, the twinkle of the eye, are all thoroughly considered; or perhaps I would rather say: Mr. Kean has so completely penetrated into the idea of the character, that the details flow naturally without any consideration at all. You can never assert that here Mr. Charles Kean begins, and King Louis leaves off. The whole thing is of a piece, and there is not a movement or the expression of a syllable that is not properly accounted for as a link in the long chain of small but significant incidents. Also I admire the eagerness with which Mr. Charles Kean has sought to appease the longings of his poetical soul in the fifth act. I have watched him carefully in *Hamlet*, and I can see plainly that he naturally sympathises with all that is high and elevating; that he would rather float in the clouds of a purer region, than bespatter himself with earthly mud. I can see that in great measure, he *is* Hamlet, and only by a severe artistic effect becomes Louis XI., and that his reduction to the dimensions of the latter character may be compared to one of your friend Ovid's metamorphoses. But when the dying-scene comes he may refresh himself with a poetical draught, and grand is it to see how ethereal the earthly man becomes, just because the clay is loosened from its spiritual inclosure. About that ghostly Louis, with the white hair and the dead face, I dreamed all night, and I begged his pardon for thinking him comic in the earlier acts.

I don't want to write a laudatory critique on Mr. Chas. Kean's Louis, for that good work has been done over and over again by abler hands than mine, but I wish to express my opinion, that when a gentleman accurately assumes a character not his own, and at the same time gives it a poetical colouring, without imitating any predecessor in his art, he has done all that a theatrical artist can do, and that, when our stage can show such a performance as the Louis XI. of Mr. Chas. Kean, it is idle to talk about the departure of histrionic genius.

I am perfectly ready to admit that, when Mr. Kean has quitted the Princess's Theatre, the higher class of drama will be in rather a bad way, and that I shall then find some difficulty in answering the bigotted worshippers of the past. Nay, I shall probably become a Nestor myself, and tell my juvenile friends of the palmy days of the drama, that reached their termination in the year 1859.

There is, however, a change for the worse, which I can remark in the present, as compared with the past, and that is a growing distaste for all that is elevated in art, with the single exception of music. The very fact that the phrase "high art" can be used with something like contemptuous significance, and that a number of men can be found ready to disavow that veneration for Shakspeare, which almost belongs to the English character, are, in themselves, bad signs of our intellectual condition. For the last nine years the commanding genius and preternatural energy of Mr. Charles Kean have compelled the fashionable world to keep up a decent show of allegiance to Shakspeare; but, when once he lets go the rope that binds the thoughtless worshippers to the supposed idol, the latter will plunge into prose, as fast as their specific gravity can carry them.

When Mr. Charles Kean is gone, the purely domestic drama will remain in the ascendant, and hence we may congratulate ourselves that we are provided with such an original artist as Mr. Robson, of the Olympic. I have lately seen him in the *Porter's Knot*, and am now exactly able to determine his future position. In common

with many of my friends, I had often bothered myself with the question whether his department was the comic or the tragic,—but I have now made up my mind, that his true vocation is the delineation of those thoroughly real characters in whom the tragic and comic elements are intermixed. In actual life, we don't find a man, who is merely funny or simply lugubrious,—but everybody looks pleased over a good dinner, and writhes under a severe domestic affliction. In the *Porter's Knot*, the old man, played by Mr. Robson, is an odd little figure, with a ludicrous Kentish dialect, and very short legs. If he was left to jog on in his own way, there would be nothing pathetic about him, for his happiness is entirely free from sentimentality. But the miseries he endures are good substantial miseries, and such a noble nature is revealed under their influence, that he becomes an object of sympathetic admiration. Yet does he not pass from the comic into the absolutely serious. There is a merriment in his power of enduring calamity that startles the audience into a roar in the midst of tears. An old gentleman, who sat next me in the —\*, declared that he was Emery and Bannister both rolled into one. Now when people write in future for Mr. Robson, they will know what to do. They will not oppress him with anything heroic, or bind him to be a common actor of farce, but they will just set him down as the great man for domestic drama, and their success will be certain.

I understand that, in the French piece on which the *Porter's Knot* is founded, there is the character of a *lorette*, which is very properly omitted in the English version. And at the same time I hear that the Parisian authors, who make such a noise about international copyright, would insist, if they could, not only that the English adapters should pay for French plots, but that likewise they should have the French piece, wholly unaltered. How absurd is this assumption of identity of taste in two countries so essentially different from each other! I myself am no French scholar, but people who have seen "Father Martin"—(as I believe it is called)—at Paris, tell me that if it had been closely followed on the English stage, nothing like the effect of the *Porter's Knot* would have been produced. Instead of a simple Kentish story, as complete in itself as an idyll from Theocritus, we should have had a complicated tale of French dissipation, offending many, and enlisting the sympathies of none.

#### A YOUNG PLAY-GOER.

MR. CLEMENT WHITE, the well-known tenor and composer, has arrived in London from New York.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. Harrison has announced his first benefit, at the Royal English Opera, to take place on the 14th instant, when *Martha* will be performed, with a new ballet. The theatre will close for the season on the following Saturday. On Friday evening, the 25th ult., for the second time during the week, her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and the Princess Louisa, honoured the representation of Mr. Balfe's opera of *Satanella* with their presence. On Tuesday the same illustrious party heard Mr. Wallace's *Maritana*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus. With one or two exceptions all the favourites of last year remain, even Signor Graziani. Grisi, for the fourteenth year, and Madame Bosio, for the eighth, head the list of sopranos. We miss, however, the name of Victoire Balfe. To the soprano list are added two new names—Madame

Lotti de la Santa, a celebrity, both in Italy and Russia, if we are to accredit report, and Mademoiselle Delphine Calderon, from the Teatro Fenice at Venice. Signor Debassini, who may be remembered some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, is added to the barytones, among whom we once more welcome the incomparable Ronconi. The name of Signor Luchesi appears among the list of tenors, which, in other respects, is identical with last year. Madame Nantier Didié, despite the reports concerning her engagement at the Grand-Opéra of Paris, retains her position as contralto. The novelties announced are Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*; Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*—a welcome resuscitation after nine years' slumber; and Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, the new opera about to be produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, to which is annexed a proviso, that the opera is to be really produced at the expected time. That Mr. Gye fully intends to bring out *Dinorah*, may be gathered from the fact that M. Meyerbeer will come to London to superintend the rehearsals. The theatre is to open on Saturday, April the 2nd.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The one hundred and twenty-first anniversary festival of this Society was held in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. As usual, a grand dinner ushered in the proceedings. This was provided by Mr. Donald, the amphitryon of the establishment, and appeared to give unbounded satisfaction. An unusually large number sat down to table, and for the first time—at least in our remembrance—the visitors were not inconvenienced for want of space. For the purposes of a large dining-room, the St. James's Hall is admirably adapted. The tables were placed at convenient distances, and the servants had plenty of room to pass between them, adding greatly to the accommodation of the diners, who could be served at a moment's warning. In short, everything in this essential department passed off well, and the exclamation was, "How very comfortable." Mr. T.H. Hall, F.R.S., hon. counsel of the Society, occupied the chair. After the cloth was removed, adhering to invariable custom, "Non nobis Domine," with Dr. Cooke's "Amen," was sung by the company—at least by such as would and could take part in it—and then commenced the regular toasts of the evening. Her Majesty's health was first proposed, and was followed by the National Anthem. The remaining toasts—loyal, patriotic, and relating to the immediate interests of the Society—were preceded by speeches and followed by music. The most important business of the evening, however, was the reading of a list of donations by Mr. Anderson, honorary treasurer. The announcement was very satisfactory—upwards of £300 having been contributed. Of this sum, Messrs. Cocks and Sons, the eminent music-publishers, subscribed one hundred guineas, and Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, fifty guineas. The Royal Society of Musicians, it should be known, was already indebted to the imperial house of Broadwood for donations amounting to more than £1,200! Both these announcements were received with great cheers. In the printed statement of the receipts and expenditure, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December last year a considerable balance appeared on the right side. The sum of £3,097 12s. 3d. had been realised from interest of stock and ground-rent, subscriptions, legacies, donations, &c., and £2,778 17s. 10d. expended in annuities, gifts, and other objects of the institution. During dinner, a military band, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey, bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, performed selections from popular operas. The concert afterwards comprised a well-varied programme of vocal and instrumental music, in which Misses Louisa Vinning, Poole, Palmer, Lascelles, Mdle. Finoli, Messrs. Locket, Benson, Palmer, &c., &c., as vocalists, and Messrs. Lazarus (clarinet), Richardson (flute), and H. and A. Holmes (violins), and Mr. Theodore Distin, as instrumentalists, assisted. The accompanists at the pianoforte were—Messrs. W. Cousins and J. Coward. The galleries showed a brilliant array of the fair sex, who seemed to watch the proceedings of the evening with great interest. To these, in due course, the most polite attention was paid by the "Ladies' Committee."

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Tuesday evening the second *conversazione* of the season of this society took place at the French Gallery, Pall-Mall, and was

\* The word here is covered by a blot, so that we cannot tell what part of the house our correspondent occupied.—ED. M. W.



numerously attended. Mr. Atkinson was called to the chair. Mr. H. Otley read a paper "On the Subject of the Law of Copyright in Works of Art." In the course of his paper, which was listened to with much attention, the author showed how essential it was both for the interests of art and for the protection of private property that a stop should be put to the practice of offering for sale bad copies of great works. It was a fraud upon the public, which the power of the law must be used to put down. Mr. Otley illustrated his lecture with many anecdotes, and was much applauded at the close. A musical performance followed, commenced by Miss Hemming and Mr. Bollen Harrison, in a concertante duet for two pianos, on airs from *Linda di Chamouni*. The other performers were Miss Charlotte Paget, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Binckes, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. H. Graiff Nicholls, and Mr. H. Baumer, who all exerted themselves most satisfactorily. Mr. F. Berger was the accompanist. The room was decorated with pictures and other works of art, contributed for the occasion by the members and others.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith is proverbial for hitting the right nail on the head. At the very moment when all London was echoing with sentiments, avowals, speculations, discoveries, speeches in and out of Parliament, letters and leaders in the *Times*, on the naval affairs of Great Britain and the necessity for upholding the "Wooden Walls" of old England, comes the Drury Lane manager pat with a sea piece, and once again fires the living generation with a yearning for nautical glory. With greater eloquence than Sir Charles Napier—if music be superior to words—with more convincing arguments than those used by Sir John Pakington—if scenic displays be more potent than logic or statistics—he has fought the battle of his native land, or "sea," rather, on the boards of the theatre, and by mimic shows has appealed more directly to the sympathies of his countrymen than the most glowing rhetorical flourish from the first Lord of the Admiralty, or a mock sea-fight in the Channel. What a surprise for the patrons of Old Drury! At the moment when it was naturally expected that Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams would attend on the pantomime until the termination of the theatrical season, appears the announcement that "a new and original ballad opera, *William and Susan*; or, *All in the Downs*, words by T. H. Reynoldson, music by J. H. Tully, dedicated, by permission, to Lady Hardwicke," would be produced. Hardly three days had elapsed between the announcement and the production. Everything was anticipated and prepared, and, on Monday last, the new naval piece sailed into the port royal of popular favour, with colours flying, guns firing, immense cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs. In short, success could hardly have been greater. The audience, determined to be pleased, would not be balked. Everything was applauded. The theatre was crowded, and altogether the scene was exhilarating.

*William and Susan*, though professedly founded on Dibdin's ballad "Black-eyed Susan," is taken directly from Douglas Jerrold's popular drama, all the principal incidents being preserved. Mr. T. H. Reynoldson need not have been ashamed to place his name in juxtaposition with that of Douglas Jerrold, who was as good and almost as celebrated a dramatic scribe as himself. We cannot say our poet on this occasion has been inspired. His words are of the free and easy kind, and have not the salt-junk savour of the original comedy. But then Douglas Jerrold was a seaman, while Mr. Reynoldson is a mere land lubber.

Mr. Tully has entitled the piece a "ballad opera," but its musical pretensions would warrant a more ambitious title. There is an overture, or orchestral prelude, an introduction in the regular opera style, besides choruses, glees, a *finale*, and a concerted *morceau*. These remove the composition from the region of mere ballad opera. It would, perhaps, have been better to adhere to the ballad form. The trial scene certainly loses by the employment of concerted music, and this, we think, the least effective part of the work. No doubt Mr. Tully had the judgment-scene in the *Gazza Ladra* in his eye, and felt there was abundance of scope for display in William's condemnation at the court-martial. It might have been conceived before-

hand that the piece would be overlaid with ballads. This is not the case, however. The first two ballads—"Tis spring-time! 'tis spring-time!" and "Sweet Susan of the vale"—were encored. The former was sung by Miss C. Lucette (Susan) her first appearance in London. This young lady—the very antipodes to Black-eyed Susan in looks, having bright blue eyes, flaxen-locks, and very fair complexion—has a small but pleasing voice, and sings with tolerable skill. Allowance being made for a first appearance, Miss Lucette's success was decided. As an actress, she wants earnestness for such a part as Black-eyed Susan, but is evidently no novice. The ballad of "Tis spring time!" might pass for a composition of Mr. Balfe or Mr. Wallace. "Sweet Susan of the vale" is much of the same character. Bella's song, "All lovers are horrible creatures"—sung by Miss Huddart—has more character, being quaint and sufficiently comic. This also obtained an encore. The most tuneful ballad of the opera, however, is William's song, after his condemnation, "In the bleak mid-watch," which, though not encored, will become more popular than any of its fellows. Next to this, we prefer the comic duet, "With your husband at sea for six months," which is sprightly and taking. We also like the hornpipe and chorus, at the end of the first act, the tune being eminently English. Another encore was awarded to this number, no small share being due to the dancing of the young ladies who impersonated the "Middies."

Besides Miss C. Lucette, who appeared as Susan, and Miss Huddart, as Bella, the cast included Mr. H. Haigh, as William, Mr. C. Manvers, as Dickey Daisey, and Mr. Edmund Rosenthal, as Captain Cameron. Mr. Haigh, the tenor, well-known in the Provinces, has achieved a sort of Metropolitan reputation at the Surrey Theatre. He possesses a good voice, and, though uncultivated, is not an ineffective singer, more especially in music of a homely character. He sang with much spirit throughout the opera, his happiest efforts being in the ballad above-named, "In the bleak mid-watch," and in the song and chorus, "The boatmen of the Downs"—one of the best things in the work, by the way. The glee and chorus, "The Flying Dutchman"—

"Oh, on earth there lives no such man  
As the far-famed Flying Dutchman,"

is also deserving attention (nevertheless the Flying Dutchman was a *ship*). Mr. C. Manvers, an old servant of the public, is invariably correct, both in his singing and dialogue. Mr. Glindon, too, deserves notice for the mirth he infused into Binnacle.

The success of *William and Susan* was undeniable. Everybody was called for and cheered, but the principal honours were reserved for Mr. Tully, and Mr. W. Beverley, whose view of the Downs, with the fleet in the distance, is a masterpiece.

#### GENTLE REMONSTRANCE.

TO ALL CONCERNED IN FINISHING THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER.

(From Punch).

LAZY, idle, sluggish lot,  
Dilatory dawdles,  
Stagnant, slow, and sleepy set,  
Temporising twaddles!  
Tardy, slack, and crawling slugs,  
Helpless, creeping snails,  
Stolid, loafing stick-in-muds!  
Pairing of your nails!  
How much more delay d'y'e mean,  
Will you please to tell;  
(Apathetic animals,  
Where's our Clock and Bell?

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN,

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Greatly extended, by the writer (expressly for the *Musical World*), from an article in the *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*.)

(Continued from page 119.)

At the same benevolent concert in which the "Battle Symphony" was first performed, was also produced a work which, if less attractive for the moment, was far more important to the art and to the reputation of the author. This was the Symphony in A, which, with its wild romance, its passionate yearning, its extravagant gaiety, and all its novelties of means and purpose, may be regarded as one of the first productions of that stage in the development of Beethoven's genius, classed by critics as his third style, having ample affinity with what had preceded it, to prove it to be the continuation of a course, and not a tangent into a strange direction, yet having sufficient peculiarity of its own, to show that this course had opened upon scenes hitherto unexplored; in like manner the same claim of connection may be traced, linking all the stations of progress through which his genius passed.

On the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, he was engaged to write the cantata, "Der glorreiche Augenblick," in honour of the event (some time after published with a different text, and known in England as "The Praise of Harmony"), an inferior work, indeed, for its author, but containing many points of interest. Besides a large pecuniary payment, he received for this work the citizenship of Vienna; and, being thus brought before the assembled royalty of Europe as the brightest ornament of the nation, he became the subject of such homage as has perhaps never been offered to an artist. With all his republicanism, he was deeply touched by the honours now heaped upon him, to which, in later years, he never alluded without emotion. His political creed was in the supremacy of mind over birth, and he was not a little proud to receive this indirect acknowledgment of his axiom.

In 1815, Mr. Neate, the pianist, on behalf of the Philharmonic Society of London, obtained from Beethoven three unpublished overtures, paying him seventy-five guineas for the right of performance, until they should be printed. These were the *King Stephen*, the *Ruins of Athens*, and the "Op. 115." And many will not marvel, that the Philharmonic Society, with an equal jealousy for the composer's reputation and its own, would not produce them in public. The censorship of this institution has, perhaps, not always been so judiciously exercised. The author's indiscriminate as to the relative merits of his own works, is shown in the mortification he evinced at the non-performance of these overtures; another instance of which, was his soreness at the Prince's neglect of his "Battle Symphony;" for he defended these compositions with as much earnestness, and spoke of their being overlooked with as much concern, as though he would have been contented to stake his reputation upon them. Not to adduce his dislike, in later years, of all his early productions, the offence he took at a publisher's protest against the triviality of the bagatelles he wrote in the intervals of the composition of his Second Mass, may be named as another example of this incapacity for self-judgment.

Mr. Neate, with a true reverence for the master, and a sincere desire to advance his reputation and further his interest, undertook to negotiate the sale and publication, in England, of some of his larger chamber works; but, as is little to be wondered, failed to make a market for them here; and Beethoven, with the injustice into which his suspicious nature continually led him, ascribed the failure of the agency as a wilful fault to his zealous agent.

The death of his brother Carl, in November, 1815, was an event of the most serious consequence to the rest of Beethoven's life. Carl left a son of about eight years old, over whom he, by will, appointed Beethoven guardian. Beethoven had, from time to time, advanced large sums for his brother's support; but here was a constant tax that was to surpass all that had preceded. The pecuniary responsibility thus imposed upon him, was, however, matter of little consideration compared with the happiness

he anticipated from finding, in his foster-son, a being who would devotedly love him, and so fill up the blank in his heart, of which his disappointed longing made him but too conscious; a being upon whom he might pour the fulness of his power of affection, and believe it to be reciprocated. The vexatious circumstances, however, in which this important legacy involved him, and, still more, the unfitness of his own character, matured and distorted as this had been by a life of isolation, for the duties of a parent, rendered the new relationship in which he was placed, a source of ceaseless harass and anxiety.

The first evil of his guardianship, which was in fact the origin of all its sad consequences to him, was a contention with his brother's widow, who, as a mother, claimed a right over her child. This was referred to a legal tribunal, and the suit was not decided in confirmation of the father's will until January, 1820. In the meantime, Beethoven forbade all intercourse between the mother and son; and thus taught his nephew, impelled by natural feeling towards her, to deceive him. With imprudent fondness, he gave this boy unbounded indulgence, by which, however, instead of stimulating the affection he desired, he but made opportunities for imposition upon his kindness. He resented rather than punished the failings of his foster-son, with petulance, more like a spoiled child than a guardian; and his entire course of management was one series of mistaken good intentions.

The lawsuit ended, the youth was placed at the university, where he was publicly disgraced for his misconduct. Harassed by his irritated uncle's reproaches, he made an attempt upon his own life, for which act, according to the Austrian law, he was imprisoned as a criminal. The powerful friends of Beethoven enabled him to obtain his nephew's release, and to procure for him a commission in the army. The uncle's anxieties for this unhappy young man ceased only with his own life, and the bitter anguish he endured at the disappointment of the dotting hopes he had centred in him, was the greatest grief he ever had to suffer. His last act in discharge of the duties he had assumed towards him, was to make this nephew his sole heir; though, in his last moments, as throughout their entire connection, the neglect he experienced was wanton, as the kindness he lavished was profuse.

This melancholy train of events yields abundant illustrations of his generous, integritous, loving, suspicious, and exacting character, the faults of which were exaggerations of virtues, or such natural results of his peculiar position as are to be traced directly to the external honours he received and the internal privations he suffered. Beethoven's process against his sister-in-law gave occasion for a display of his republicanism, more remarkable perhaps, than any which have been cited. In Austria, the causes of the nobility, and those of the commonalty, are judged in distinctly separate courts; throughout Germany the prefix "von" before a name is a sign of nobility, and under the belief that the prefix "van," which is its Dutch synonym had the same signification, the suit of Ludwig van Beethoven was heard in the upper court. When the trial was concluded in his favour, his opponent protested against the legality of the proceedings, on the ground that "van" being no epithet of nobility, the case belonged to another tribunal, and the judges accordingly, annulled their decision. Beethoven was even more annoyed at what he considered an indignity upon himself and his calling, than at the vexatious necessity under which he was thus placed of recommencing his process from the beginning. Starting to his feet, in vehement anger, the moment the matter was explained to him in the court, he exclaimed "My nobility is here and here" and energetically struck his forehead and his heart. It needs scarcely be stated that the legal authorities did not admit the plea.

To add to the vexation of the last dozen years of his life, the pension settled upon Beethoven was reduced, first by an alteration in the funds, then by the death of Prince Kinsky, and still further by the ruin of Prince Lobkowitz, so that for long he received only the portion subscribed by his illustrious pupil and munificent friend, the Archduke Rudolf, and that diminished in value by the change in the currency. The increase of his household and other expenses on his nephew's account, the cost of his

lawsuit, and the reduction of his income, made him extremely anxious about money matters—anxious to the extent, far beyond what the occasion justified, of dreading the approach of beggary. So we find him in his letters, speaking of "writing for bread," and representing himself as fallen into the greatest extremity; whereas, the price he received for his works was now at least fourfold what it had been at the beginning of the century. He had as many commissions as he could execute, and, what is most of all satisfactory, there is no evidence of his ever knowing anything more of want than the fear of its coming.

He received successive invitations from our Philharmonic Society, upon the most liberal and advantageous terms, to visit this country, and direct the performance of some of his works. These proposals were especially attractive to him, as, irrespective of the emolument, he was always desirous to see England, the country whose constitution, laws, and institutions, made the nearest approximation to his ideal of government. The latest of these invitations was in December, 1824, but this, like all that had preceded it, was entertained with pleasure only to be rejected with regret. His deafness was, of course, a constant obstacle to his travelling, and his lawsuit, his occasional illness, and his successive troubles with his nephew, raised up from time to time, difficulties of the moment which were insuperable.

Despite the cares by which he was surrounded, imaginary and real, he now concentrated himself upon his art with greater intensity than at any previous time; he produced his longest and most elaborate compositions, he worked at these with unremitted ardour, and he suffered no consideration of popular success or extrinsic effect to interfere with the great internal purpose each was to embody. In 1817, he wrote the Symphony in F, that type of freshness, independence, determination, gaiety and humour; and while the annoyances of his contention with his brother's widow were at their height, he produced the great Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, one of the most profoundly thoughtful and deeply considered of all his works. Mr. Cipriani Potter, who was at this time in Vienna, relates that the now manifest originality of Beethoven's style led him to be regarded by many who have recanted the monstrous opinion, as a madman, who knew not what he was writing; and the peculiarity of his personal habits seemed to corroborate the idea. Even the Symphony in F, which, to present appreciation overflows with melodious freshness, was, on its first performance, pronounced by some musicians, who enjoy the world's respect, to be a mass of incongruity.

His early repugnance to teaching greatly increased as his creative powers became acknowledged, and he had more and more opportunity to exercise them. He never had in fact but two permanent pupils, Ries and the Archduke Rudolf, which latter would never admit himself to have completed his studies; but, indifferent to Beethoven's uncourteous manners, indifferent even to the master's disinclination, took every occasion to make his lessons a pretext for having the great artist beside him, and for heaping favours in recompense for them.

The archduke was, in 1819, appointed archbishop of Olmutz, and Beethoven purposed to make a worthy acknowledgment of all the obligations he owed him, by composing a Mass, to be performed at his inauguration. He entered accordingly, upon the task with his artistic feelings stimulated to the highest by the keen sense of honour, which prompted him to exceed all his former efforts, and prove himself, in the production of his greatest work, equal to what he deemed the greatest occasion for the display of his powers. He was in unusually robust health when he began the Mass in D, and he proceeded vigorously with his labour until he had sketched to the end of the Credo; but now he became fastidious, and repeatedly laying aside the work, to return to it after careful reflection, he protracted its progress to such an extent, that the occasion for which it was designed was come and gone before the composition neared its completion. The incentive to immediate application thus removed, he now continued the work for its own sake, and becoming ever more severe in his self-criticism upon it, its conclusion seemed to grow ever more distant, and, as if by lingering over it he learned to love the labour, he grew reluctant to dismiss it from his hands, and so arrive at a time when he would

no longer be engaged upon it. In the summer of 1822, after the germination of three years, this ceaseless subject of his thoughts attained its maturity, and he regarded it always afterwards with such a fondness as could only spring from the peculiar circumstances of its production. This most extraordinary composition owes to those very circumstances which endeared it to its author, the qualities that render it inaccessible to general comprehension—its profound esthetical purpose, and its excessive technical elaboration. It is perhaps the grandest piece of musical expression the art possesses, and it abounds in passages of such lofty beauty as is nothing short of sublime—the rendering of the "passus" and the "judicium" for example, and the tenor and alto recitatives in the *Agnus*; but its difficulty makes it almost impossible of execution, and its length makes it wholly unavailable for ecclesiastical purposes. Its performance then can only, under the most propitious conditions, take place in the concert-room; and thus, in respect of fitness for its object, it is a colossal failure; but its gigantic merits are equal to its proportions, and it will ever be regarded with reverence, even where it cannot be accepted with faith.

In the intervals of the composition of the Mass in D, he wrote the three remarkable pianoforte Sonatas, namely, in E, with its infinitely beautiful melody, varied for the last movement, Op. 109; in A flat, with its passionately declamatory Adagio, Op. 110; and in C minor, remarkable for the rugged grandeur of its first movement, and the heavenly calm of its close; Op. 111; besides the bagatelles already named, some other trifling pieces, and even some dances for a public garden.

In the winter after the completion of the Mass, Beethoven addressed a letter to each of the sovereigns of Europe, offering a copy of this work for the price of fifty ducats; the Emperor of Russia and the Kings of France, Prussia, and Saxony, only, accepted his proposal, and Prince Radziwil and the Frankfort Cecilian society subscribed for copies on the same terms.

The greater part of the year 1823 was occupied in the composition of the Choral Symphony, the work which for grandeur, pathos, fantastic vivacity, and the ultimate development of an idea, and, in all these, for intensity and power, better represents the fully-matured genius of the master, in its greatness and its individuality, than any other. This symphony has been more the subject of commentary than all the productions of Beethoven: and we owe little thanks to his intimates, that, of a work of such paramount importance as this, they failed to elicit from himself a definite account of its purport, which would have prevented much critical disputation, and certainly enhanced the interest of the composition. In the absence of authority, we may assume, first, that, feeling his admitted pre-eminence as a composer of instrumental music, Beethoven resolved to give the world a work of this class, which, in greatness of proportion, of design and of signification, should surpass everything that had gone before it, and so justify to himself the estimation in which he held his own power; and second, that, having embodied in the first three movements the changeful phases of a mighty grief, he chose to contrast these by the expression of joy in every varying aspect, selected Schiller's Ode as a vehicle for the conduct of his plan, and introduced voices as an additional resource to those of the instrumental orchestra, that he might insure such vitality in the effect of this portion of the symphony as would command the magnetic sympathy of its hearers, and so especially illustrate the living principle that distinguishes sublimity from the rendering of earthly passion however great its beauty.

(To be continued in our next.)

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